

THROUGH
A
FAR EAST
WINDOW



BEING
IMPRESSIONS OF
KOREA

BY

HELEN ELLIOTT



Mrs. Elliott is met by her husband on her arrival at Kimpo Airport in Seoul, Korea.

In the early summer of 1957 Helen Elliott joined her husband, Dr. William M. Elliott, Jr., in Seoul, Korea, for a visit to some of the mission stations of our church in the Far East. Dr. Elliott, past chairman of the Board of World Missions and Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., was in Korea as a member of a Commission of the Board of World Missions. As their representative he brought back an official report. As an interested visitor Mrs. Elliott brought back her impressions and here presents what she saw THROUGH A FAR EAST WINDOW.

From the moment the plane landed in Tokyo International Airport at 2:00 a.m. June 2nd and I stepped into the night, a woman alone in a strange land, until I left Tokyo five weeks later in the company of my husband, I walked as in a dream. For this trip was a dream—a dream come true.

The time in Tokyo en route to Seoul to join Bill was a happy experience. Even Customs, Immigration and Quarantine procedures with the Japanese officials, as well as money-changing at the Airport Bank, proved to be simple at 2:00 a.m. Everyone seemed to trust everyone else at that time of night, and presently I found myself claiming my baggage on the upper street level of the Airport building and sharing a taxi to the Imperial Hotel with Professor and Mrs. Folts of the Harvard School of Business Administration. I learned that they were en route to Taiwan, where Dr. Folts would conduct the first of an "around-the-world" series of Business Seminars. Their brief gesture of friendliness will linger long in my memory, for I needed someone that dark night to boost my morale, as I realized suddenly that in "The Land of the Rising Sun," I was part of "the small minority."

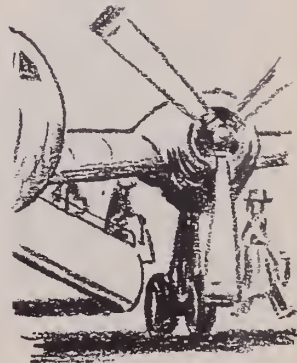
The next morning, in the hotel dining room, I chatted with an interesting table companion. She was a widow, a student of Unity, and was traveling through the Far East just for fun. She was amazed to find that Christian Missions had any strength at all in the Orient. I, in turn, was appalled at her ignorance of the Church's present day answer to the Great Commission, and so attempted to tell her briefly and calmly of the Church of Christ in Korea, Japan, and Taiwan. I'll never know just how much she took in, but I do know that my brief witness strengthened my own faith that morning.

The day and evening passed quickly, while I saw some of the sights in Tokyo with one of my son's friends, a young doctor in the United States Army. We visited a Japanese flower show in Hibiya Park, walked through the famous Ginza shopping district, saw Mikimoto's fabulous pearls, bought tabis at an open stall, and ate sukiyaki at Suerhiros.

Five-fifteen came early that next morning! Nothing was open until seven at the hotel, so without breakfast, or even coffee, I was taken to the Airport in the Northwest Orient Airlines limousine, arriving a little before seven. I must not miss that eight o'clock plane for Seoul! For those leaving Japan there was the routine procedure of Customs, Quarantine, Immigration, and money-changing again. And I had to change all of it, for no Japanese yen can be brought into or taken out of Japan.

A cute little Korean movie actress sat next to me when we took off for Seoul that morning, and because she didn't like to fly, she wanted to talk. Fortunately for both of us, she spoke beautiful though hesitant English (my Korean being as fluent as my Japanese). She told me her name was Sam Wha Kim, and that she had been to Tokyo with seven other actors and actresses for the Japanese Movie Festival. She produced numerous pictures of the Garden Party, which had been given for them at the American Embassy, and at which she had been asked to dance. When I told her of my mission in Korea, I learned that she was neither Christian nor Buddhist. I longed to share my faith with her, but there was so little time for so great a subject. She did listen carefully, having known of Christianity through her college English professor, who was a Methodist.

Fortunately, I had a copy of the Presbyterian Survey in my brief case. In it, the hymn of the month, "Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts" had been beautifully explained, and I asked her to read it. She did so, and thanked me but closed our conversation on the subject with these words, "I can have no faith and stay movie actress in Korea."



After a pause, she said, "Let me tell you how to surprise your husband when you see him in Korea. You offer your hand and say, 'Ah neung ha sim ni ca?' " (that means—"how do you do?") I said to myself that that wouldn't be a surprise—that would be a shock. But I let her drill me and then I told her that we greeted those we love in America in a different way. Her eyes lit up, and with a warning finger she said with a smile, "Only in movie, we do that in Korea." But I did it, anyway! when I finally got through Customs, and the high fence surrounding the Seoul Airport.

Luncheon was delicious at the Niblock's lovely, cool, Japanese-style home, which was to be our headquarters while in Korea. As we tried to catch up on all the news since Bill had left Dallas twelve days before, he said suddenly, "Tomorrow at nine we leave Seoul for Mokpo, our farthest station South. We'll be gone for ten days visiting all our stations. Do you want to go?" I almost jumped up and down, like a child, with joy, and answered, "Of course, I'll go." "All right," he said, "You asked for it." You must understand that this was just two days after I had arrived in the Orient, and I was eaten up with the desire to see all and know all. Near the end of the ten-day itinerary, I was ready to sing mournfully with any guitar-strumming cowboy that came along (excluding Elvis)—"O bury me now in the lone prairie," meaning Texas and home, of course. But I was still jumping up and down, involuntarily, on the seats of jeeps, trucks, and trains.

At nine the next morning we left Seoul by train (we always rode second-class, as a compromise is always better than either equally bad extreme) looking forward to a ten-hour trip to Mokpo. In the field of transportation, Korea is just the youngest child in the large family of nations. We've taken all our outgrown, outmoded, and often worn out conveyances, and after "letting down the hems," "patching up the holes," and "changing the trim," we've gladly handed them down to her. She is using them, until she provides better ones, happy to have anything at all that will get her from place to place in a garb that bears a semblance to modern means of travel.

Equipped with our light baggage (two suitcases, a tote-bag, two cameras, raincoats, and a thermos lunch-kit plus briefcase) we joined our travelling companions, Drs. Bradley and Cumming, who were also equipped with their light baggage (three suitcases, two raincoats and lunch boxes). As the four of us tried to fit into the reserved section of an already crowded train, I had a slight feeling that, either we could have used a little more room, or something or someone could have been happily left behind. But we quickly and optimistically settled down into the hard, straight seats, and before we had rumbled along ten miles, we were in high spirits. Dr. Yoon, the fine young physician, from the Chonju Medical Center, who was Dr. Elliott's interpreter for the entire trip, joined us here on the train, and we enjoyed his company for the ten day trip. Indeed, we couldn't have gotten along without him!

There was much to see and do inside the train. The missionaries were travelling back to their stations from the Inter-Church meeting held in Seoul and we visited back and forth mixing good humor with more serious talk. Then there were the commodity vendors, going up and down the aisles, calling their dozens of wares. Until that day I hadn't realized that there would be available Korean comic books, tabloids and current movie magazines—or delicacies like bottled drinks, "rice and fish" dinners packed in little light-wood boxes (complete with chopsticks), and packaged sweets. We Americans, young and old, can't ride fifty miles without buying something to chew or read (digesting little of either), so why did I think that any other people could? The baskets of available diversions were fascinating and I might have sampled some of the things



(all but the dried squid), had I not been restrained by those who had my best interests at heart. They even had bottled milk for sale—slightly bluish in color—made from dried milk. Judging from the quantities of that unappetizing variety consumed on that train trip and others we later made, I'd say Borden's would "make a million," if they would open up a first class dairy in that land. Millions of dark-eyes babies and children have died for want of good whole milk in Korea, and we have to coax ours to drink it!

Outside we saw miles and miles of rice fields in various stages of cultivation. There were the small beautifully green beds of seedling rice that lay like long velvet ribbons between the terraced, rolling plots of dry and flooded ground. The plodding cows and oxen, yoked to wooden plows and harrows, were urged on by barefoot farmers who patiently prepared the fields for planting. There were hand-run or foot-operated irrigating systems flooding the fields. Groups of men, women and children waded through the mud, bending low to plant the seedling-rice in perfect rows. And there were always the countless babies strapped to mothers' and little sisters' backs, their little heads nodding back and forth, as if to break off with every jolting step.

That day I began to see Korea as a burden-bearing country. Everywhere we'd go—almost everywhere we'd look—someone was bending under a heavy load. The smallest children carried baby brothers or sisters, fuel or water. The women balanced their loads of laundry, or "what have you?" on their heads, leaving their backs free to carry the newest baby while they walked or worked. The crossbar "jighes," strapped to men's backs, carried the most amazing collections of furniture, wood, mown-grass to dry for fuel, or crockery. Occasionally we'd see men with the wooden yoke and buckets, carrying water or human refuse for fertilizer. We saw Korean horses, only Shetland pony size, pulling gargantuan loads on two-wheeled carts, and docile oxen pulling heavy wagons when having a day away from the fields.

Here or there we'd see a boy at a station with a wooden box strapped on his shoulders, calling shrilly, "lee-Kegee," "lee-Kegee." (That is the nearest I got to the right word.) After two or three had passed, I asked, "What on earth is 'lee-Kegee'?" Imagine my surprise to learn it was a Korean sweet "ice-cake" on a stick! Now I ask you, who invented the popsicle—they or we? At one station there were men and women selling straw bags of large russet pears—eight or ten in a bag. They (the conspirators who were starving me) finally let me buy a bag of those Naju pears, and we peeled some and enjoyed their sweet juiciness as our dessert after lunch and supper.

At seven-thirty that evening we rolled into Mokpo Station, were loaded into "the jeep" and taken up the winding, narrow road to the mission compound. Here lived the Somervilles, Hoffmans and Robinsons—three young couples with seven precious children. Here was a lovely spot! Green lawns surrounded the mission residences and lovely flowers were in the gardens. The houses were old but these young people were carrying on in true missionary tradition—making houses into real Christian homes in the midst of pagan surroundings.

We were guests of John and Virginia Somerville, with Johnny and Nelson Bell, their little sons, helping to make us feel at home. As we walked into the living room we heard symphony music coming from a record-player that John had adapted to the facilities available. We visited while we ate delicious ice cream Virginia had made that day, and after a cup of coffee we said "Goodnight."

Prayers were at seven-fifteen the next morning, to get ahead of any visitors who might drop in, then a lovely breakfast at a most attractive table. We had luscious



strawberries from their own garden, whole-wheat cereal, with real cow's milk on it. (Through the energetic persistence of these young fathers, this compound has one cow!) Then we had scrambled eggs with delicious toast made from home-made bread.

One day and two nights here with these friends was not going to be enough, but it would have to do. Makpo, established in 1899, is now an evangelistic and educational center—the medical work having been closed during the war. Here we visited the Chung Myung (Bright Chastity) middle school for girls, and the Higher Bible School for boys, seventeen to twenty-two years of age. Then we met Korean pastors and evangelists who had come from a twenty-five mile radius. One man had come from Cheju Island, seventy-five miles across the straits. While all the men sat in conference and had lunch at the Samervilles, we "girls" ate and chatted at the Robinsons. There was tea far all later at the Hoffmans.

We left these three courageous, optimistic and dedicated young couples the next morning at seven o'clock, bound for Saanchun by another train. And in my heart I gave thanks for gifted young people who hear and answer the call to far horizons. These went out, that Christ's life and love, His hope and faith, His redemption and power might change the land of turbulent despair into the land of morning calm.

The second class reservations, leaving Makpo so early that Saturday morning were not too promising. Located in the first car behind the engine, it looked like we might spend the day swallowing smoke and removing cinders. But outside, the day was beautiful, the sky was clear, and the sun shone on the fields and inlet caves, making the scene sparkle with the freshness of a clean new day. Beyond the rice fields, the lovely, rugged mountains stand tall and majestic. The results of reforestation were becoming evident all over, and the once denuded hills were pine-covered and green again.

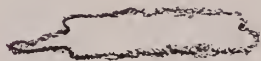
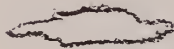
It was early June, and everything was lush and lovely on those far misty peaks. The words of a familiar hymn came lazily to mind as I took in the panorama of quiet beauty: "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Truly the Korean countryside looked the part that day—the Land of Morning Calm.

This was Dr. Cumming's first visit to Korea since the war. Men and women occasionally stopped him on the street or met our train, to welcome him back to their beloved land and to remind him that they had been his pupils in years past. In twenty-three years of missionary service he had touched many lives for Christ. One such young man was on the train that day and recognized him, so they had a long and happy conversation.

Near eight o'clock we stopped at a station to wait for the special school train to pass on its way to Makpo. The platform was loaded with scores of older children waiting to board the already packed box cars. How could they get another person on? But since eighty per cent of Korea is becoming literate, with a compulsory education program in full swing, they had to get there, it mattered not how.

The boys' straight-cut, high-necked, black cotton suits were all alike, and the small beaked caps shaded dark and sparkling eyes. The girls' well brushed, straight black hair, and clean, white blouses over black skirts, showed that even Korean mothers take some pride in sending their children off to school in fresh array, even if they don't come home like that. Their bright and happy faces seemed to show an eagerness to begin the eight hour day of learning.

Saanchun terminal looked good to us at two-thirty that day, but Mr. Boyer, Hugh



Linton and Louise Miller looked even better. They loaded us into the Landrover and started up the road.

The band that we heard as we passed the school grounds was not exactly out for us. They were playing "Under the Double Eagle" as only a Junior High School band can play it—loudly, enthusiastically, and slightly off key. Through Dr. Cumming's efforts in Nashville, these band instruments had been shipped to Soonchun, and had arrived at long last. These boys were really getting ready for him.

For beauty of location, our mission compound in Soonchun surpasses all our other stations in Korea. It is nestled in a forest of lovely old trees on the side of a mountain, called Mai San, meaning Beautiful Mountain. The beauty reaches its peak in the spring, they say, when the mountain slopes are covered with a bright rose flower.

Our work was opened there in 1913, so the houses show the wear and tear of long years of use, plus the scars of war, for they have sheltered both American and Communist soldiers. Since their return to the field, the soldiers of the Cross have spent both toil and money to restore them to livable condition. They are such happy homes in which to visit! Not even the missionaries are immune to the enjoyment of solid comfort, or even a few luxuries, but here again we realized the "possession of things" was not of the utmost importance.

Early Sunday morning—four-thirty to be exact—we were awakened by the ringing of bells. This is the Christians' call to prayer, and most of them go to their churches each morning at this hour to pray. Years ago, during the nation's crisis, this practice was started, and it still continues. Who knows but that this earnestness in prayer which they feel brought about their liberation from Japanese rule, will ultimately reunite their country and establish it as a true and solid democracy? "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

That morning we drove 18 miles with Mr. Boyer to attend church at the leper colony. Nothing has ever made me so aware of my abundant and bountiful blessings as the visit to the leper church that Sunday. The colony is a precious haven for the outcast, and they call it Paradise. For them it truly is, for where else, except in a place provided by Christian benevolence would they have anything but a Hell on earth? They sang like angels in that service, and I did so want to sing along with them. I was not able to read the Korean words as the thousand voices sang them, and was simply too confused to remember the English ones, so ended up by la-la-la-ing my way through the song. (Next time I'll take my own hymn book with me!)

But the time of united, audible prayer, which followed the sermon was not confusing. Because the Holy Spirit laid hold of all hearts present, He laid hold of mine. My English petition was mingled with the Korean, and as one voice it found its way to the Throne of Grace! God forgive us for the man-made barriers we too often raise between Christians!

Monday morning, the High School band had their chance to play "Under the Double Eagle," in its finished form when the men visited the Mai San School. The students presented each VIP with a school pin which they proudly wore as they got on the train for Kwangju that noon. I was to stay overnight and go by Landrover with Mr. Boyer, Hugh Linton, Dr. Kim and Elder Moon, the next day. This was the trip I had been waiting for! It was ten-thirty Tuesday morning when I climbed into the front seat of the car, and we took off "down the rocky road" to Kwangju.



The countryside was beautiful and we saw Korean life in the villages as it is really lived. There were women washing at the streams, and old men strolling down the streets wearing their jaunty bird-cage hats and long white robes. And there were "babies, babies everywhere" with nary a pair of pants. Sometimes we waved at the children as we passed and often one would salute and call, "HULLO," or "OKAY," the GI's contribution to their English vocabulary.

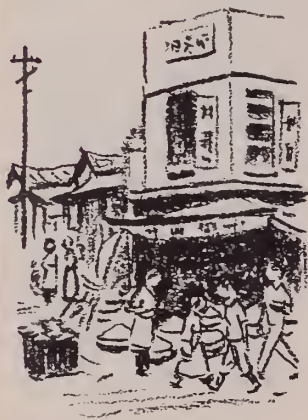
Portions of the road we travelled that day beggar description. Suffice it to say that if it had ever been graded it must have been before the war. I guess the highway department had long since run out of funds, as they sometimes do in America, so they hadn't made any recent improvements. It took us nearly three hours and a half to cover that sixty miles. I forgot to ask if they were adding the vertical distance to the horizontal!

The afternoon we arrived in Kwangju, it was dark and dreary, and as we drove through the crowded and muddy streets, the town looked much like every other one we had visited. Everywhere the staring children responded quickly to our smiles, and everywhere there were people and more people. Kwangju had its traffic problems, this day and every day, at almost anytime of the day, but it was not because of too many cars. And wearily I thought, "Do any of these people know where they are going—either in this life or the next?" I was too tired to answer the question.

Just inside the gates of the mission compound, was a small, green field, where some black and white goats were grazing. The peaceful scene did something for me, and I was glad that the residences were apart from the busy town in an enclosed area. I cannot agree with those who contend that the missionaries must completely identify themselves with the people of the country in which they serve. Living in crowded and unsanitary areas and sharing the natural life, would give them no respite from the strain of strangeness, or the drain of unmet human need. They and their children need homes, not too unlike those in the States, with the privacy of their own four walls, and the sweet refuge of family life, to give the needed poise and strength for daily service. I found it good to rest awhile before supper in the home of Mrs. Paisley and Sara Barry, where we would be staying. But as I lay looking up at the ceiling, I wondered if I could ever have been a missionary. Love of ease and every comfort are not helpful personal attributes on the mission field—and I had both of them! I would have found it hard to adjust to such a new way of life.

After an early breakfast Wednesday morning, Sara Barry took me on a rapid visit to our hospital, Speer School, Honam Bible School, and the Neel School where Mrs. Paisley works with war widows. Almost as complex a problem as the care of orphans in Korea is the care of war widows. Due to the persistence of Confucian social customs regarding the status of women and remarriage of widows, many of them, still in their teens, have no real opportunity for support of self or children. There were approximately 300,000 such widows and 1,500,000 babies to care for in 1954. So here, and at other church-supported schools, the young women are given a rudimentary education, with the Bible at its heart, and also taught how to make saleable articles that will give them some income.

Dr. Herbert Codington and his splendid nurse, Miss Astrid Kraakenes, took us on an unforgettable tour of the wards, laboratory, out-patient clinic, kitchen and laundry, of our t. b. Sanitorium. I marvelled at the sacrificial work being done there to combat tuberculosis, Korea's No. 1 killer. We can be proud of our hospital and staff,



but neither is adequate for the great task confronting it. The \$100,000 Birthday Gift from the Women of the Church, this past year, is only a drop in the bucket to what is really needed in this area of our work. But it will certainly help a great deal toward improving their present program of treatment.

I think I'd complain and rebel, were I forced to work, year after year, with such limited resources. But never did we hear one word of complaint from the missionaries. Always they would say, "Please thank the Church at home for their support, and for those wonderful White Cross supplies. We have many needs, but I am sure they will be met in time! With your help, we've made wonderful progress in the last few years." And they certainly have. But truly, my friends, we sometimes ask our mission forces to "make bricks without straw." Our World Mission Board magnificently manages the money our Church supplies, but when will we adequately undergird these loyal representatives of ours on the field with the things they should have—not only to make their work more effective—but sometimes just to make it possible! There is no real virtue in making them struggle so they will be pious! They are already that, or they would never have gone to the field in the first place!

We climbed the hill behind the compound after lunch, and what a climb it turned out to be! Across the valley in which Kwangju nestled, stood Moo Doong San, "The Mountain without Peer," tall and strong over the city. They have always been proud of this towering peak, their pride, perhaps, being akin to a sort of worship. But like the gods of any pagan faith, with all its strength and beauty it was powerless to meet the deep need of the teeming mass of people below. Only Christ, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," could satisfy, and this young girl Sara and others like her, had come out to bring them to Him.

From the top of the hill we went to visit an orphanage. One visitor to this unhappy land in 1954 remarked, "I saw many children looking for their parents, but I found no parents searching for their children." So there are about 400 orphanages in Korea today, 300 of which are maintained by churches or individual Christians. Mrs. Pakh Soonii, a mother and Christian, was touched by the thousands of homeless children and "took it upon herself," to make a Home for nearly one hundred children. She is sponsored by "The Christian Children's Fund," though she is herself a Presbyterian. It was fascinating to watch her and her young women helpers with these children of all ages.

Our own church has no orphanage work, as such, but cares for all orphans that are brought to our hospitals in need of medical attention. I had seen six such children that morning under Miss Kraakenes' care at the hospital. Two of the older ones, a little year-old girl and another about three, had been nourished back to health, but the three tiny babies that had been left on the hospital doorstep that morning were nothing but tiny skeletons suffering from malnutrition. Only at a Christian hospital or orphanage are these little ones given their chance to live.

Dr. David Seel was to take me to Chonju—by ambulance—that afternoon. He called for me at four-thirty and we were on our way. I had at least a thousand questions I wanted to ask this young doctor who had been the director of the Medical Center since Dr. Paul Crane had been called into the army. But conversation proved impossible above the noise of travel. I shouted once, above the din and rattle, "David, you need a new ambulance!" And he shouted back, "I know it, but the Korean government will not let us buy one for another three years. This is just two years old." Later he explained that the import demands of gasoline-operated vehicles is a threat to the Korean



economy, so there is a ban on too frequent replacements. The average life of a tire is five or six thousand miles, and they must be bought. But tires won't hold together a chassis or body, and I don't see how our Chonju Hospital Jeep-Ambulance will last another three years, government regulations to the contrary, notwithstanding!

Occasionally I'd reach up and straighten my hat and rearrange myself on the seat. Once, I believe, I actually took out my compact to powder my nose, and replenish my lipstick. But who would have cared out in those rocky hills? There was only the Korean orderly, behind me in the ambulance, and he wasn't looking. And Mr. "Tall-Dark-and-Handsome," beside me, was young enough to be my son! But I still had my pride—"you can't take that away from me." After three and a quarter hours we drove up to the Seels' home—sixty-five miles from Kwangju!

We had a lovely supper with Mary, David's wife, and their two children, Johnny and Jenny. The other missionaries came in for dessert and a brief visit before it was time to retire. A hot bath and comfortable bed so anesthetized me that I found it difficult to arise the next morning.

Morning prayers at eight o'clock in the Quonset-hut chapel at the hospital were led by a Korean doctor. Then I was off to see the hospital, nursing school, and high school. Dr. Seel and his staff of doctors and technicians, most of whom are Korean, are very proud of this fine Medical Center, and they should be. But, here at home, we should be more proud of them! Equipment is limited according to the standards of American hospitals, but they do amazing things, in spite of that handicap, and it is completely selfless service.

And I saw the baby ward, with Elizabeth Boyer in charge, where over two hundred orphaned babies have been cared for in the past few years. There were twenty-five in the nursery that day—each in his little basket, receiving the proper food and T.L.C. (Tender Loving Care) that would make him ready for adoption when the right Christian family came along.

It is next to impossible to operate a Christian hospital in a pagan land without a staff of Christian nurses, and so our fine nursing school, graduating some twenty girls each year, helps to meet this growing need in Korea. Theirs is a standard three year course with a capping ceremony and presentation of pins upon graduation.

The Tommy Taylors took me up the hill in the jeep for a quick visit to the Kijun High School where several hundred girls are being educated under fine Christian teachers.

It was soon time for lunch, and the truck ride to Iri Junction to meet "the three Musketeers." We ran into a ten-mile detour on the way, and all the conversation about directions carried on in Korean didn't sound too promising to me. But one look at David's face was reassuring, so I sat back and let him and the truck take me. Fortunately, the train from Kwangju was a little late. After I said my very grateful thanks to this fine young doctor who had made my trip to Chonju possible, I joined Bill and the others and we continued by train to Taejon.

Taejon Mission station is the most recently opened field of work in Korea, and we were eager to see it.

As the train pulled into the station, it was not hard to find the William Lintons who had come to meet us. I could have written there and then, "A Sonnet To a Jeep," for they are marvelous things. Their capacity is limitless! The Lintons got us and all our baggage into them (along with the few extras we had picked up on the way), and



I'll never know how. It was a fairly clear afternoon, and we could see, even from a distance that the new, one-story residences were most attractive. Built in the Korean style, they were of red brick, with heavy tiled roofs and curved gables. The rice fields in the foreground and the top of the new college buildings visible above the orchards on the hill made an attractive picture as we approached the mission property. The sight was "Peaceful Valley" in the truest sense of the word. Though meat is scarce, and fresh milk or cream is not to be had, there are eggs and chickens in abundance, and wild game in season, with fresh garden vegetables and fruit from the orchards. Every mission home in Korea has its own vegetable garden, and they were gathering their first produce in June. Here and elsewhere, we dined on fresh beans, peas, carrots, beets and new potatoes, to say nothing of those luscious strawberries, available for every meal!

Besides the meetings with the area pastors and elders, and two visits with the old gentleman who had been Moderator of the Korean Presbyterian Church three times, we had a visit to a Taejon department store, and the open street market. We also drove out to the Amputee Center which is the responsibility of Dr. R. A. Torrey, a U.S.A. minister and son of the world-famous evangelist. There, as in other rehabilitation centers, many gifted hands are at work making artificial limbs, hands and arms, for any who come to them in need. And it is all done in the name of the Christ Who once walked the Judean roads and said in love and compassion, "Be thou whole again."

After chapel services with the students on Saturday morning, we took a quick tour of the Quonset-hut temporary college buildings, and then saw the new building under construction. All the lumber is cut, and the brick and tile made right on the spot. It was amazing to see the men at work, on the scaffolding of pine poles tied together with rope and wire. With so much done by hand, the work moved slowly, but thoroughly. We were proud of all we saw, and left feeling that this new venture at Taejon was one of real permanence and promise.

We watched young Bob Gould and Miriam Dunson at work. A graduate of the Engineering School at Georgia Tech, and a short-term appointee, Bob has been of real help in the construction program, as well as in the class room as a Christian teacher. And Miriam teaches the girls physical education, in addition to being secretary to the Korea Mission Treasurer, Mr. Talmage. Now hold onto your hats while I tell you what Mrs. Linton does. She teaches French, in English, to Korean girls, using a text-book written in Chinese characters! And some Korean faculty members come to her class to learn English.

After lunch, we boarded the train for Seoul. Somehow, Mr. Talmage had wangled reservations for us on the Army Train, and our "Officer Accommodations" were clean and comfortable. I enjoyed that luxury until I saw the coaches ahead, where hundreds of GI's off for a week end in Seoul, were packed like sardines, even in the aisles, and we had seats to spare.

Back in Seoul on Sunday morning, we worshipped at Young Nak Presbyterian Church, where 3,800 eager people gathered to hear the Gospel preached. (3,800 is a good percentage of the 2,600 on roll, I'd say!) We went to the Methodist Compound Chapel on Sunday afternoon for the vesper service, drove through the campuses of Ewha and Chosen Christian colleges, and out to the famous White Buddha Shrine. Here, for centuries, worshippers have prostrated themselves, after placing their food offering on a tray, while priests chant prayers and tap rattles to attract the gods' attention.



The mission conferences continued for days. There was also a lovely tea and dinner party at the Paul Cranes, a luncheon at the Niblocks and a dinner given for the Moderator by the President and Dean of our Presbyterian Seminary in Seoul. I will always remember too, the luncheon at the American Embassy, when we were guests of Ambassador and Mrs. Walter Dowling. We were charmed by their graciousness and the elegance of the Korean-style home in which they lived. Though the house is old and the former occupants wished it replaced, the Dowlings feel it should be repaired and kept as a permanent Embassy residence. (This decision has made them very popular with the Koreans, we learned.) The conversation proved stimulating, and the meal was delicious and elegantly served.

Besides feeling privileged to have been invited to an Embassy for a brief visit, it gave us a good feeling to know, even a little, the ones who are representing us in Korea during this very critical time.

By Wednesday of that week, the conferences were over, and the mission accomplished, so the next day we would leave our new-found friends in Korea.

I admit I fell in love with those wonderful missionaries, and the strangely wistful Land of the Morning Calm in which they serve. I'd like to go back some day, and do it all over again.

One of our pictures is of a little Korean girl, timidly looking through an open door. That is a perfect symbol of that land so newly liberated. She is only a child in the family of free nations, hesitantly opening the door to a new life. We pray that life will be one of continuing Democracy and feel confident that as the Christian Church is strengthened there, it will be the true and purifying force that will guarantee success in the struggle that lies ahead.

So ends my peep into Korea's window. These are only impressions and fragments of the lovely story that will be forever in my heart.



Land of beauty, land of calm,
Land of mourning and of psalm,
Every mountain, every stream,
Answers every artist's dream.

Under roofs of straw and tile,
Million dark-eyed babies smile;
While the children in the street
Gather 'round the foreign feet.

Maid and man and children toil,
While by hand they till the soil;
Planting rows of seedling rice,
Korean's hand, his artifice.

Beast of burden is the cow,
Pulling cart and pulling plow;
Streets alive with feet and cart,
Forming narrow village mart.

Shoes and baskets, eggs by strings,
Charcoal stoves and cooking things,
Fish and cabbage, peppers, rice,
Cloth and grains—for little price.

Queer our long nose, blue our eyes,
Odd our dress and tall our size;
Language different, large our shoe,
Foreign person—this is You!

Many faces, many hearts,
Of Creator's plan a part;
Dim the knowledge of His love,
'Til the eyes are turned above.

Ours the task to pray and give,
Make the Gospel message live;
In this land of morning calm,
Land of early-rising psalm.

God of beauty, God of calm,
Oh, to help them sing Thy psalm;
Raise their eyes to mountains tall,
Stir their hearts to hear Thy call.

To find Christ, the Saviour dear,
To make life and love more clear;
'Til the land of morning calm,
Sings a thankful, living Psalm.

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